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112 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

We are authorized to announce
HON. DAVID H. FINCHELOE,
of Hopkins county, as a candidate
for Congress from the Second district,
subject to the action of the democratic
primary August, 1914.

For Congress.

We are authorized to announce
J. W. HENSON
as a candidate for the Democratic
nomination for Congress for the
Second Congressional District,
subject to the action of the primary
to be held in August, 1914.

The White House honeymooners
have sailed from France and are
coming home.

Senator Walker Hall, of the Probe
Committee, seems to have several
of them walking.

The rescuers did not forget to
save the ship's cat from the wrecked
steamer Cobequid.

Texas strawberries are now on
the market, but nobody but million-
aires and butchers can afford to eat
them.

The Mexican refugees from Ojina-
ga have been counted by Maj. Mc-
Name and sent in a body of Ft. Bliss
at El Paso, to be kept indefinitely by
the United States government. There
are 3,352 soldiers and officers, 1,067
women, and about 300 children and
infants who are to be housed and
fed by the United States.

Gov. Mann is riding a few hobbies
in his old age, asks the Va. Legisla-
ture to pass a eugenics marriage law,
establish a state working colony for
drunkards and drug fiends, a Bible
school, a circulating library and an
academic high school in the state
penitentiary and give additional
authority for the governor to use
the militia to enforce laws.

Secretary of State C. F. Creel
is getting much unpleasant notoriety
out of his neglect of duty in adver-
tising the election for the tax amend-
ment to the constitution, by which
he finds himself a bigger man than
the many thousands of voters who
carried the proposition at the polls.
The Courier-Journal goes so far as to
remark significantly: "A dishonest
Secretary of State might accept a
fortune as a fee to defeat an amend-
ment by not advertising its submis-
sion. He might be impeached, but
he could not be made to advertise
the election except in the event of
his determination not to do so being
a matter of public knowledge in
time for a mandatory injunction to
be secured." It is doubtful if these
severe words are justified. The
Secretary of State is a doctor and
was probably ignorant of his duties
requiring legal knowledge. There
is a risk to run in electing to office a
man ignorant of the duties of the
office to be filled. The public often
suffers because men try to fill offices
for which they are unfitted. The
proper thing would be for Dr.
Creel to resume the practice of
medicine without a moment's delay.
He has evidently waded beyond his
depth.

DR. BEAZLEY Specialist

(Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat)

Christian County Boy.

Evansville, Ind., Jan. 16.—It was
announced today that former State
Senator Samuel Crumbaker, of this
city, will likely receive the nomina-
tion for congress here. He is a native
of Christian county, Ky., where his
parents now live.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S

Could Not Write.

Versailles, Ky.—Mrs. Eliza Green,
of this place, says: "I could not
write all the different pains I had
when I first tried Cardui. I could
scarcely walk. Now I am able to run
the sewing machine and do my work;
and my neighbors tell me the medi-
cine must be good, for I look so much
better." Cardui is a specific, pain re-
lieving, tonic remedy, for women. In
the past 50 years, it has been found
to relieve woman's unnecessary
pains, and female misery, for which
over a million suffering women have
successfully used it. Try Cardui for
your troubles. It will help you. At
the nearest drug store.
Advertisement.

Preferred Locals.

See J. H. Dagg for contracting
building and general repair work of
all kinds. Phone 476.
Advertisement.

For Sale.

I have 600 bales of wheat straw,
free of onions, for sale. Phone 321-4
E. W. STEGAR.
Advertisement.

Removal Notice.

Dr. Andrew Sargent has moved
his office and residence to the Frank-
lin Flats at Main and Twelfth streets.
Telephone 552.
Advertisement.

Unusual Offer To Our Readers.

For a limited time, and subject to
withdrawal after 30 days, the well
known publishing house of the J. B.
Lippincott Company, Philadelphia,
founded in 1792, offers to the readers
of this paper a 12 months' subscrip-
tion to "Lippincott's Magazine" and
a year's subscription to the Kentuck-
ian, both for \$3.00. This is the price
of a twelve months' subscription to
"Lippincott's" alone. Additional to
obtaining every issue of this paper
for a year, our readers will receive
in "Lippincott's," 12 great complete
novels by popular authors, 105 short
stories, crisp, entertaining, original;
45 timely articles from the pens of
masters, and each month some ex-
cellent poems with the right senti-
ment, and "Walnuts and Wine,"
the most popular humor section in
America. To obtain this extraordinary
offer prompt action is necessary.
Remit to J. B. Lippincott Company,
Washington Square, Phila., Pa.
Advertisement.

Altered Circumstances.

Duncan Macpherson was playing
golf. Going out he drove brilliantly
over a stream in a hollow. "My, but
you was a fine drive over the bonny
wee burn," he remarked to his caddy.
Coming home he had to play over
this same "burn" for another hole
and drove right into it. "Gang ye an'
fish th' burn out o' you dirty sewer,"
he growled.

Worms The Cause of Your Child's Pains.

A foul, disagreeable breath, dark
circles around the eyes, times,
feverish, with great thirst; cheeks
flushed and, then pale, abdomen
swollen with sharp cramping pains
are all indications of worms. Don't
let your child suffer—Kickapoo Worm
Killer will give sure relief—it kills
the worms—while its laxative effects
add greatly to the health of your
child by removing the dangerous
and disagreeable effect of worms and
parasites from the system. Kickapoo
Worm Killer as a health producer
should be in every household. Per-
fectly safe. Buy a box today. Price
25c. All Druggists or by mail,
Kickapoo Indian Med. Co. Phila. or
St. Louis.—Advertisement

Popular Advice.

Chicago's health commissioner ad-
vises young men to take a kiss when-
ever the girl is willing, regardless of
alleged germs that linger on ruby lips.
Now, there is a man of sense. Many
a slipshod young fellow has thus been
inoculated with the germs that made
a man of him.—Pittsburgh Post.

The day of harsh physic is gone.
People want mild, easy laxatives.
Doan's Regulets have satisfied thou-
sands. 25c at all drug stores.
Advertisement.

Women as a Power.

"If ever the time comes when wo-
men shall come together simply and
purely for the benefit of mankind, it
will be a power such as the world has
never dreamed of."—Matthew Arnold.

To Prevent Blood Poisoning

Apply at once the wonderful reliable DR.
FLETCHER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, a sur-
gical dressing that relieves pain and heals.

WORTH THE TROUBLE

Story of a Spring, a Girl, a Man
and Quicksand.

By DONALD ALLEN.

She was going to the country for her
two weeks' vacation, but she was not
enthusiastic a bit about it. She felt
that she would rather go to bed and
sleep for a fortnight.
She had found cheap board at a
farmhouse.
She had skimped herself for weeks
to buy a few extra things.
None of the other telephone girls at
her station was going along.
There would be cows and pigs and
sheep out there, but what of it?
There would be a meadow and a
brook, but it would be just a common
meadow with an old spotted cow in it,
and was that anything to enthuse
over?

The brook, if there was one, would
be about as big as a cent, and instead
of babbling it would be as dumb as
an owl by daylight.

There would be a hill somewhere
around, but a girl would be an idiot to
climb a hill when she might walk on
level ground.

Very possibly there might be a syl-
van grove, if the farmer hadn't sold
it to the lumber trust, or the worms
eaten up the leaves, but the palm trees
on the roof garden beat a sylvan grove
all hollow.

There would be a red-headed girl
there from a department store—the
one at the notion table—and every day
she would be bragging of the tremen-
dous sales she had made and how she
froze the floor-walker when he got too
funny. Besides, no telephone girl can
have a friendship with a department
store girl, and vice versa. For some
unknown reason they glare at each
other as they pass by.

No, it was not worth going away
for, and yet Miss Mira Anderson
would go. The manager of the of-
fice said she was fagged out and need-
ed the change. As she sat in the park
after her boarding dinner, out of sorts
with the world, a woman came along
and sat down beside her.

"You are sad," she said, after a mo-
ment.

No answer.

"You are going away very soon."

A shrug of the shoulders.

"Where the corn grows?"

A sniff of contempt.

"Out there where the corn grows you
will find a spring near a creek. Look
into it and you will see a face."

"My own, of course," laughed Miss
Mira.

"No, it will not be."

"Then whose?"

"The face of the young man you are
to marry within a year."

"Nonsense! I am no longer a kid!"

"You will see—you will see. I do
not ask you for money. I tell you this
because I see it. Things shall be bet-
ter with you—goodbye."

When the woman had passed on the
girl laughed sarcastically to herself,
but behold, what a queer thing human
nature is! Five minutes later she
was saying to herself:

"There's nothing in it, of course, but
it's funny she should tell my fortune
without pay. I have read of such things
and they may be true. It would be
funny, wouldn't it?"

And at the end of half an hour she
went home to finish her packing, and
she actually whistled as she packed!

The state ought to pay some women
by the year to go among discouraged,
disheartened women and cheer them
up with predictions.

Miss Mira found herself glad to be
out in the country. Not so much on ac-
count of the spotted cow and the creek
that didn't babble, but while she laugh-
ed over what the woman had told her
on the park bench, down in her heart
she almost believed it. She waited
three days and then asked the
farmer:

"Do you grow corn?"

"Lands, yes!" he replied.

"Where is it?"

"Right in front of your eyes. Don't
you see that ten-acre field?"

"Why, I thought corn grew on
trees!"

The field fronted on the highway
and ran back to the woods. If there
was a spring anywhere around it
it would be back there. Had the girl
asked the farmer, he would have told
her exactly where it was, and at the
time given her a caution, but she im-
agined that if she asked he would sus-
pect the reason and poke fun at her.
Thus, she wandered off by herself, and
it was two hours before she came upon
the place she sought.

"Yes, there was the spring, and a
little rivulet flowing away from it.
The ground around was damp and sog-
gy, but Miss Mira took little notice of
that. If the woman had been right
about the spring, why not about the
face? Two steps more and she could
kneel and look. Then she stepped
upon a wet and sandy spot and was
pulled down.

Quicksand! It gripped her feet
like the teeth of a wolf. It pulled at
her ankles as if there was a rope
around them. In a minute she had
been gripped at the knees. Then she
caught the branches of a bush and
hung and screamed. She could save
herself from sinking deeper, but she
could not pull herself out more than
she could fly.

With the tall cornstalks and trees
about her to smother the sound, the
girl's screams could not be heard 40
rods. She sized up the situation after
a while and was quiet. She would have
to wait until they came in search of
her. They would not know in what
direction to search. They might not
find her till next day. Six feet away

was the face of the bubbling spring
reflecting the face of the man she was
to marry, but she could not pass over
that six feet.

Two hours went past, and then she
heard some one whistling as he came
through the corn. He came with care-
less step, and when within a few feet
of her, but hidden by the corn, she
heard him say:

"Hang it all, that spring ought to be
right around here somewhere!"

The captive did not call out. Some
one else was in search of the spring.
What for? Judging by the voice, it
was a young man.

"Of course it's all nonsense, but
I'm going to have a look just the
same."

The owner of the voice moved to the
right and halted. Then he moved to
the left and halted. The luxuriant
cornstalks made a jungle of the
place.

"I'd better stayed away and looked
in a glass of lemonade for the face. If
I were a farmer and had a spring, I
think I'd know where it was within
half a mile. Perhaps some old cow
has sucked all the water out, and the
face I was to look-for has become a
hill of corn!"

"Were you looking for a spring,
kind sir?" called the girl, in mocking
tones.

"By George!" from the cornstalks.

"If so, it is here."

"What is it?"

"A damsel in distress."

"Say, if you are taking a bath in
the spring—"

"But I'm not."

It was a young man who burst out
of the corn and stood surveying her
for a moment before whistling a note
of surprise and then asking:

"What sort of a performance is
this?"

"I guess we'll entitle it a quicksand
bath!"

"By George! By George!"

"And when you get through with Mr.
George you can see if I am worth sav-
ing! I have had all the feeling pinch-
ed out of me, and am tired of hanging
to this bush."

George Chester had mechanical
sense, even if he did work in a music
store. A rope and a horse would
have pulled the girl out, but he broke
down a young tree and used it as a
lever, and the quicksand grudgingly
let go.

"You see," he said, as Miss Mira sat
on solid ground, "you came here to
see a face in the spring."

"So did you!" she replied.

"Right-o! Who told you to come?"

"A woman I met in the park."

"Same here. Didn't it strike you as
silly?"

"It did."

"Same here, again. Are you stopping
at Brown's?"

"Yes."

"Just got there after you left. I
was in such a hurry to get to this
spring that I didn't wait to unpack."

"And aren't you going to look for
it?" laughingly queried the girl.

"No use. I'm looking at it right
now, and so are you. I'll retire to the
depths of the corn for ten minutes
while you make yourself more pre-
sentable. Mustn't give ourselves away
at Brown's."

"I am sure I am most grateful for
your coming."

"Don't mention it. I'd do as much
for any girl I was going to marry!"

"You—you—"

"Oh, the woman was right enough,
only she didn't mention the quick-
sand. Of course we shall marry!"

She had to be won in the custom-
ary way, however, but she was worth
the trouble. She doesn't call "hello"
to him, but makes it "dear!"

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paper Syndicate.)

HAPPINESS AT ONE'S HANDS

Ideal Likely to Be Found Elusive if
a Too Wide Search Is Con-
templated.

Sometimes it seems as though the
very ones who are untrammelled, who
can go wherever and whenever they
like, are the last to find happiness,
having the whole wide world in which
to carry on the quest of it. Felicity
is discovered soonest by those who
stay in one place long enough to make
a thorough search. The restless ones,
with the consciousness of all the earth
outspread before them, are tempted
to another spot before they have ex-
plored the region round about them.

When you were a child you may
have played a ball game in long
grass, where presently, to your exas-
peration, you lost the ball. It bounded
over your head and hid as though an
evil spirit dwelt in it, determined to
stop the game and spoil your fun. You
thought you knew precisely where it
fell—and found you were the more
deceived. It would not do, however, to
"hunt all over the lot." You had to
be patient, and compose your febrile
eagerness to a systematic search over
a limited area, while your comrade
hunted in a circumscribed area ad-
joining. And presently you—or he—
stumbled on an object that was not a
rolling stone, and the lost was found.

That is the best rule in the hunt for
happiness. Perhaps it is under your
feet!—Philadelphia Ledger.

Vitality Interested.

A few minutes after the aeroplane
had taken its flight a bare headed,
wildly excited man came rushing to
the aviation grounds.

"Did Hiram J. Squillinger go up in
that thing as a passenger?" he asked
breathlessly.

"Yes," answered one of the bystand-
ers. "What difference does it make to
you?"

"I'm an agent of the life insurance
company that's carrying \$25,000 risk
on him!" he gasped.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been
in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of
and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Pare-
goric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It
contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic
substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms
and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it
has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation,
Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and
Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels,
assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep.
The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

DAILY

Courier-Journal

AT HALF PRICE

DURING

DECEMBER
JANUARY
FEBRUARY

The Hopkinsville-Kentuckian

has made a special arrangement where-
by the Daily Courier-Journal and the
Kentuckian, Tri-Weekly, can be fur-
nished one year for \$5.00, six months
\$3.75, by mail (Sunday Courier
not included) to all persons who will give
their orders to us during the months
named above. Remember, the Daily
Courier-Journal and THIS PAPER one
year each

For Only \$5.00

After February 28, 1914, the price of
the Daily Courier-Journal alone is \$6.00
a year. Take advantage of this special
Bargain Offer at once and REDUCE THE
HIGH COST OF LIVING.

To Get Advantage of This Cut Rate,
Orders Must Be Sent To Us, Not to
The Courier-Journal.

For Frost Bites and Chapped Hands.

For frost bitten ears, fingers and
toes; chapped hands and lips, chil-
blains, cold sores, red and rough
skins, there is nothing to equal Buck-
len's Arnica Salve. Stops the pain
at once and heals quickly. In every
home there should be a box handy
all the time. Best remedy for all
skin diseases, itching eczema, tetter,
piles, etc, 25c. All druggists or by
mail, H. E. Bucklen & Co. Phil-
adelphia or St. Louis.—Advertisement

Pretty Bad Showing.

The report of the State Board of
Health, as submitted to Gov. Mc-
Creary, shows that during the 33
months the vital statistics law has
been in operation 83,778 deaths have
occurred in the State, 38,896 of which
were preventable.

Women love a clear, rosy com-
plexion. Burdock Blood Bitters is
splendid for purifying the blood,
clearing the skin, restoring sound di-
gestion. All druggists sell it. Price,
\$1.00.
Advertisement.